

Paradisus Amiffa.
P O E M A,

A

JOANNE MILTONO Conscriptum.

Latinitate Donavit *M. B.*

LIBER PRIMUS.



L O N D I N I,
Typis J. HUGHS, in vico vulgò dicto *Holborn.*
MDCCXXXVI.

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B. Heyl Wright

Paradise Lost.

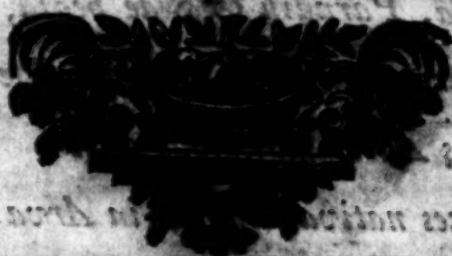
A

POEM.

The AUTHOR,

JOHN MILTON.

BOOK THE FIRST.



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MDCCXXXVI.

PARADISUS AMISSA, POEMA, &c.



UO Primævus Adas temerato Fædere Numen
Læserit, & Vetitos quâ vulserit Arbore Fructus,
Unde Mali Labes, & sævæ Mortis Origo;

Cur Patriâ amissâ, Paradisi & Sede beatâ,

Cogimur hâc errare tenus, dum Tempore Pænæ

Perfècto, exorients Astris majoribus olim

Alter Adas reduces nativa reponat in Arva;

Musa mihi memora, quæ quondam per Juga sacra

Nunc Sinæ, nunc Orebi, dum curat Ovile,

Pastorem primo stimulabas Carmine Mosen;



45. 6. 30. 245.

Carmine

PARADISE Lost.

A

POEM, &c.



O F Man's first Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose Mortal Taste
Brought Death into the World, and all our Woe,
With Loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse! that on the secret Top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the Chosen Seed,

In

*Carminē quo docuit charā magis Omnibus Unā,
Dilectamque Deo Gentē, Primordia Mundi,
Equē Chao tener ut Rerum surrexerit Ordo,
Fati Arcana ferens : Vel si Tibi Vertice Sion
Jam nunc frondoso, Siloæque silentior Amnis,
(Alluit ille Dei riguis Oracula Lymphis)*

*Grata magis fecere moram, sis inde Vocanti
Præsens Auxilium, atque Audacibus annue Cæptis :
Scilicet Aonios Montes, humilemque relinquam
Parnassum super ascendens, dum Versibus aptis
Aggredior nulli Veterum tentata Poetæ.*

*Tuque O Magne Deus, qui Pectus Criminis expers
Præponis Solido structis de Marmore Templis,
Tu dic, namque Potes ; Tu præsens Tempore ab omni
Diceris expansis Alis, de more Columbæ,
Fæcundum fecisse Chaos : Tu, quæ mihi circum
Caligat Mentem, dispellas Lumine Nubem.*

Argumentum Ingens ! Mibi sit nil futile, & illo

Indignum,

In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion Hill*
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's Brook* that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy Aid to my Advent'rous Song,
That with no middle Flight intends to Soar
Above th' *Aonian Mount*, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost Prefer
Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty Wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st Brooding on the Vast Abyss,
And mad'st it Pregnant: What in me is Dark,
Illumine; what is Low, Raise and Support;
That to the Height of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the Ways of God to Men.

Say

*Indignum, Inceptisque pares mihi suffice Vires;
Sic tua, Magne Pater, Consulta Æterna repandam,
Mortalesque regi justâ sub Lege docebo.*

*Dic primùm (neque quid Cæli sive ardua supra
Sidera, sive imo Barathro & Caligine mersum
Te latet) Humani Generis quæ Causa Parentes,
Heu! tam felici Rerum Statione Beatos,
Securosque Favore Dei, contemnere Numen
Impulerit? cur Præceptis parere recusent?
An quia Terrarum Dominos Lex una coercet?
Heu! cujus cœpere malo desciscere Suasu?
Principio Infidiis & blandis credula Diçtis,
Viçta est Eva Parens, Satanæ; quo tempore primùm
Æthereis Campis, atque alta pulsus Olympo,
Vindiçtamque Iramque sua sub Corde coquebat:
Namque Animo fidens, fretusque rebellibus Armis
Cælicolùm, longèque putans excellero cunctos
Æquales,*

Say first (for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep Tract of Hell) Say first, what Cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents, in that happy State
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his Will
For one Restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul Revolt?
Th' Infernal Serpent! He it was, whose Guile
Stirr'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel-Angels: by whose Aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,

B

If

Æquales, ipſiq; Deo (ſi fortè reſiſtat)
Inceſſiſſe parem, per Cælos irrita Bella
Moverat, affectans nequicquam Regna Deorum :
At Pater Omnipotens, de Cælo fulmine acuto
Præcipitem, Vaſtâq; ruina ad Tartara Viſtor
Deturbabat, ibi poſt terga Adamante revinctum
Ignibus urgeri rapidis & vindice pœnâ :
Uſq; adeò furor eſt, in Bellum poſcere Numen.

Quo Soles Noctesq; novem Mortalibus ægris
Volvantur ſpatio, Flammarum in gurgite vaſto
Cum ſociis jacuit, Fundoq; revolvitur imo
Attonitus, neq; enim Cæleſtia Corpora poſſunt
Omnino extingui, aut avertere Morte Dolorem ;
Sed ſua majores in pœnas fata reſervant,
Et nunc ille memor Cæli, Sortiſq; prioris,
Nunc Infelicem Caſum Pœnaſq; futuras

Mente

If he oppos'd; and with Ambitious Aim,
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God,
Rais'd Impious War in Heav'n, and Battle proud,
With vain Attempt. Him th' Almighty Power
Hurl'd Headlong Flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,
With Hideous Ruin and Combustion down
To Bottomless Perdition, There to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and Penal Fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To Mortal Men, He with his horrid Crew
Lay Vanquish'd, Rowling in the Fiery Gulf,
Confounded though Immortal! But his Doom
Reserv'd him to more Wrath; for now the Thought
Both of Lost Happiness and Lasting Pain

Mente suâ versat miserâ vice, lumina circum
Torquens, discordes animi testantia motus,
Horrorem, invictumq; Odium, Fastumq; Metumque.
Cœlicolûm inde Oculi quàm longè cernere possunt,
Prospectat latè Regionem, atq; undiq; vidit
Speluncam horrendam, circum candente favillâ
Ardentem, totamq; accendit Livida Flamma;
Nec tamen hæc aliam præbent incendia Lucem,
Quàm quæ Monstra Loci, furias, variasq; Dolorum
Detegat & Pænæ Facies, Spectacula dira!
Pax, & grata Quies, & quæ venit Omnibus æqua,
Spes venit hic nunquam, sed semper dira novantur
Supplicia & Gemitus; Sævit Noctesq; Diesq;
Igneus Æterno nutritus Sulphure Torrens.
Has Pater Omnipotens sedes, hæc Regna paravit
Justitiâ Æternâ, Talisq; Rebellibus istis
Carcer erat, Tenebris horrens & Luce remotus

Torments Him. Round he throws his baleful Eyes
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate Pride, and stedfast Hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The Dismal Situation, Waste and Wild :
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great Furnace, Flam'd ; Yet from those Flames
No Light, but rather Darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover Sights of Woe :
Regions of Sorrow ! doleful Shades ! where Peace
And Rest can never dwell ! Hope never comes,
That comes to all ; but Torture without end
Still urges, and a Fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd !
Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those Rebellious ; here their Prison ordain'd
In utter Darkness ; and their Portion set
As far remov'd from God and Light of Heav'n,

As

*Ter tantum, quantum distat Polus alter ab Arcto.
Heu! quam dissimilis Cœli, quibus excidit, Astris!
Hic Socios miseri Casus, torrente volutos
Sulphureo, aut sursum Flammarum turbine raptos
Protinus agnovit; juxta latus aspicit unum
Viribus, Imperioq; sibi Culpâq; secundum,
Perq; Palæstinam post plurima secula notum,
Nomine Beelzebub; cui fatus Maximus Hostis
Audaci Satanas sermone Silentia rupit.
Si tu forte, Ille es; sed quam mutatus ab illo,
Cujus per Lucis nuper felicia Regna,
Mille (tamen claros) præluxit Gloria Divos,
Largior & Radius, quam cætera Numina, vestit?
Si sis Ille mihi quem mutua Fœdera dudum
Unum Concilium, Spes & Commune Peric'lum
Jungebant Comitem, nunc Infortunia jungunt
Arctius, atq; unâ merserunt Fata ruinâ:
Quâ sede excassi, quantâ jaceamus Abyssò*

Heu!

As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole,
O how unlike the Place from whence they fell!
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of Tempest'ous Fire,
He soon discerns: And weltring by his Side
One next himself in Power, and next in Crime,
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
(And thence in Heaven call'd *Satan*) with bold words
Breaking the horrid Silence, thus began.

If Thou beest He -- but O how fall'n! How chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light,
Cloath'd with transcendent Brightness didst out-shine
Myriads, though bright! If he whom mutual League,
United Thoughts and Counsels, equal Hope
And Hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joyn'd with me once, now Misery hath joyn'd
In equal Ruin! Into what Pit thou seest

From

Heu ! cernis, cernensq; doles ; adèò Ille valebat
Fulminibus Viçtor. Sed Quis tunc crederet ? Heu ! nunc
Seriùs experti quid Tela Illa impia possunt.

At non idcirco, nec si, quod & insuper addat,
Forfan habet, nondum Saturatus corda furorem,
Aut piget, aut mutor, quamquam mutatus & Ora,
Et Decus externum ; Nam iusta Superbia mentem
Immotam servat, Meritiq; Injuria spreti,
Quà super accensus, iustâq; animatus ab irâ,
Omnipotentem ausus Bello contendere contra
Cælicolûm innumeras ducebam in Prælia Turmas :
Illæ aversatæ tam longi Sceptra Tyranni,
Et me conatæ superis præponere Regnis
Haud iniusta parant per magnum Prælia Cælum,
Dum tandem dubio pugnantes Marte, Timentis
Concussere Thronum. Quid si Victoria cessit
Hostibus ? Haud toti occidimus ; non victa Voluntas,
Non Animus, Studium aut Litis ; non vindicis Iræ

Immor-

From what Height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his Thunder ! And till then who knew
The Force of those dire Arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his Rage
Can else inflict, do I Repent or Change,
Though chang'd in outward Lustre ; That fixt Mind,
And high Disdain from Sense of Injur'd Merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to Contend,
And to the fierce Contention brought along
Innumerable Force of Spirits Arm'd,
That durst dislike his Reign, and, Me preferring,
His utmost Pow'r with adverse Pow'r oppos'd
In dubious Battle on the Plains of Heaven,
And shook his Throne. What tho' the Field be lost ?
All is not lost ; th' unconquerable Will,
And Study of Revenge, Immortal Hate,

*Immortalis Amor, vel Virtus nescia flecti.
Nunquam, extorta Mibi, Victorem ea Gloria tollet,
Prostratum flecti ante pedes, veniamque rogare
Supplicibus genibus, Dominumque vocare Potentem,
Quem modo suspensum de Regno hæc Dextra tenebat.
Id foret Indignum, Casusque hoc turpius ipso,
Præsentemque infra Sortem! Quum nulla perire
Fata sinunt Divum factas puro Æthere Formas,
Quum Vigor hic noster nunquam decrescere possit,
Quum non peiores Armis, Bellisque gerendis,
Sed magis expertos rerum hic Nos Exitus ingens
Reddiderit; certum est (posthac melioribus opto
Auspiciis) sine fine geri implacabile Bellum,
Seu vi, siue dolo; donec successibus Hostem
Frangamus, qui nunc Cælorum Victor habenas,
Solus habet, nostris lætatus corda Triumphis.*

Angelus

And Courage never to submit or yield :
(And what is else not to be overcome ?)
That Glory never shall his Wrath or Might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for Grace
With Suppliant Knee, and Deify His Pow'r,
Who from the Terror of This Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, *That* were low, indeed !
That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath
This Downfall ! since, by Fate, the Strength of Gods,
And this Empyrean Substance cannot fail,
Since, through Experience of this great Event,
In Arms not worse, in Foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful Hope resolve
To wage by Force or Guile Eternal War,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now Triumphs, and in th'Excess of Joy
Sole Reigning, holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

Angelus hæc effatus Apostata mente dolores
Comprimit Ingentes, Spem fictâ fronte serenat :
Hisque Illum subitò Comes audax Vocibus Infit:
O Princeps, & Spirituum Fortissime Ductor,
Sub quo Divorum instructas prodire Phalanges
Cernere erat ; quique extremis interritus Ausis
Perpetuum Cæli dux'ti in Discrimina Regem,
Dum Bello ancipiti tentas, quo jurè Supremum
Huc usque Imperium, Casu, Fatône teneret,
An forsâ Virtute Juâ, Dextrâque Potente:
Qui fuit Eventus, nimium meminisse necesse est ;
Franguntur Vires, per Tartara nigra frequentes
Sternimur, & Stygias Inhonestâ clade Paludes,
Perdidimusque Polos ; totusq; Exercitus ingens
His (quantum Divi poterant) periêre sub Umbris.
Nam quamvis extincta jacet, Sortisque prioris
Luctibus Æternis hic obruta Gloria cessit,
Mens tamen invicta est, Animusque & Spiritus idem
Permanet, & subitò rediens Vigor Igneus ardet.

So spake th' Apostate-Angel, though in Pain,
Vaunting aloud, but Rack'd with deep Despair :
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince ! O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' Imbatell'd Seraphim to War
Under thy Conduct ! and in dreadful Deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's Perpetual King,
And put to Proof his High Supremacy !
Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I see and rue the Dire Event,
That with sad Overthrow, and Foul Defeat,
Hath lost us Heav'n ; and all this Mighty Host
In Horrible Destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
Can Perish : For the Mind and Spirit remain
Invincible, and Vigour soon returns,
Though all our Glory Extinct, and happy State
Here swallow'd up in Endless Misery.

But

Quid verò, fi forte Deus (poffe Omnia Quem nunc
Invitus credo ; fed enim confundere Vires
Quis minor haud valuit Noftros ?) fi fortè reliquit
Hanc nobis Virtutem Animi, Mentisque vigorem,
Quò magis infandos duremus ferre Labores,
Sufficere Æternùm longæ poffimus & Iræ ;
An mavult Servos & Belli jure Subactos
Hic fervire, manus poffcant quicunque Labores ;
Seu nova, cum defint, Orci formare Caminis
Fulmina, feu facere horrendas, quæ juffa, per Umbras ;
Quid juvat invictas nondum fubfidere Vires,
Non Animos, vel quid fi Fato Ducimus Ævum
Æternum, Pœnis per sæcula cuncta Novatis ?

Maximus huic fubitò refpondet talia Dæmon.
O meritò infelix, ullo fi pondere fefla
Mens labet, atque malis Animus tuus, Angele, cedat,
Seu quid agas, feu quid patiare ! Sed hæc mea dicta

Nunc

But what if he, our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no Less
Than such cou'd have o're-power'd such Force as Ours)
Hath left Us this our Spirit and Strength Intire,
Strongly to Suffer and Support our Pains;
That we may so suffice his Vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service, as his Thralls
By Right of War, whate'er his Business be,
Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the Gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or Eternal Being
To undergo Eternal Punishment?

Whereto with speedy Words th'Arch-Fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be Weak is Miserable,
Doing or Suffering! But of this be sure,

To

*Nunc Animis imoque memor sub Corde reponas.
Quid fecisse Boni, non nos ea Cura manebit;
Sed Dolus & mala Fraus, & noxia Crimina Cordi,
Et quæ Divinae fiant contraria Menti
Nobis semper erunt: Quocirca Providus ille
E nostris si fortè Malis producere tentet
Quæ Bona, nos manet iste Labor pervertere Finem,
Eque Bonis, Semen semper reperire Malorum;
Quæ si succedant (& si rectè auguror, olim
Succedent) altam poterunt turbare Quietem,
Cunctaque confundent; nec quod jam Pectore secum
Versat, fortè unquam Factum Fortuna sequetur.
At rediére (vides) Vindictæ Iræque Ministri
Ad Cælum celeres, magno Victore jubente;
Nunc & Sulphureo displosus Grandine Nimbus
Desævit, Ripas inter fluit Igne quieto,
Qui nos præcipites Cælique ex Arce ruentes,
Accepit tumidus Flammis torrentibus, Amnis:*

Nunc

To do ought Good never will be our Task,
But Ever to do Ill our sole Delight;
As being the contrary to His High Will,
Whom we Resist. If then His Providence
Out of our Evil seek to bring forth Good,
Our Labour must be to Pervert that End,
And out of Good still to find Means of Evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him (if I fail not) and disturb
His Inmost Counsels from their Destin'd Aim.
But see! the Angry Victor hath recall'd
His Ministers of Vengeance and Pursuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n — The Sulph'rous Hail,
Shot after Us in Storm, o'reblown, hath laid
The Fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd Us falling; and the Thunder,

*Nunc Tonitru candens, alataque fulgure Tela
Fulmina nunc cessant (exhaustis fortè Pharetris)
Per tristes mugire Umbras, Noctemque Profundam.
Sive ex Contemptu Nos ultra urgere jacentes
Desistit, sive Ira gravis saturata recessit,
Seu quaecunque dedit melior Fortuna Quietem,
Utamur.*

*Cernis ibi mæstum vastâ se extendere Campum
Planitie, cui vix tenebrosas dimovet Umbras
Lividus hic Torrens, quasi sera crepuscula spargens?
Illuc Nos vertamus iter; paulumque remoti
Fluctibus his, tumidoque hujus Torrentis ab Æstu,
In Requie (si forsan habet Locus iste quietem)
Corpora curemus semiuista, agitataque membra:
Exinde, in Cætum revocatis undique Turmis,
In medio consultemus quibus artibus Hostem
Infesti vexare; quibus res sistere lapsas;
Quove modo tantos possimus vincere casus;*

Wing'd with Red Light'ning, and Impetuous Rage,
Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the Vast and Boundless Deep:
Let us not slip th' Occasion, whether Scorn
Or Sate Fury yield it from Our Foe,

See'st Thou yon dreary Plain, Forlorn and Wild,
The Seat of Desolation, void of Light,
Save what the Glimm'ring of these Livid Flames
Cast Pale and Dreadful? — Thither let Us tend
From off the Tossing of the Fiery Waves;
There rest (if any Rest can harbour There)
And re-assembling our Afflicted Pow'rs
Consult, how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy; our own Loss how repair;
How overcome this Dire Calamity;

*Incendant si fortè novæ spem pectore vires,
Vel desperatis quæ sit sententia Rebus.*

*Sic inter tumidos arrectus pectora Fluctus
Affatur Socium Satanas, suffectus & Igne
Sanguinéque ardentès Oculos : Pars cætera Pontum
Ingens ponè legit, liquidos fluitatque per ignes,
Jugèribus porrecta novem ; Titania Bello
Qualia Monstra Jovem fingunt petiisse Poetæ,
Enceladum atque Typhoea, tenet quem nigra jacentem
Antiqua Inarime, flammisque impõsta coërcet.
Qualis Leviathan, quo nullum majus in undis
Prodigium, quotquot fluctus immania tranant :
Illum Sarmaticis sopitum forsàn in undis
Cum vidit lacerae Nocturnus Navita Cymbæ,
Isthmum se vidisse putat ; tum tutus ab omni
Ventorum accessu, lateri applicat ipse carinam,
Fixaque squamoso stabilem tenet Anchora tergo ;*

Nox

What Reinforcements We may gain from Hope;
If not, what Resolutions from Despair.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate,
With Head up-lift above the Wave, and Eyes
That sparkling Blaz'd; his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, Extended long and large,
Lay Floating many a Rood; in Bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of Monstrous Size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that Warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareus, or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By Ancient *Tarſus* held; or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God, of all his Works
Created hugest that Swim th' Ocean Stream:
Him, haply flumbring on the *Norway* Roam,
The Pilot of some small Night-Founder'd Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft (as Seamen tell)
With fixed Anchor in his Scaly Rind,
Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night

Nox fusca inveſtit Pontum, lucémque retardat.
Sic ſuper ardentem talique extenditur Annem
Mole, catenatus tranſfixo Fulmine, Saran;
Nec Caput indè unquam valuiſſet tollere ſurſum,
Ni Pater Omnipotens dederat poſſe indè vagari,
Conſiliisq; vacare Malis, & neſtere Fraudes;
Ut meditans mala multa aliis, fruſtratus inani
Spe foret, invidiâque angens fera corda, videret
Fraude ejus Peccantem Hominem, quam larga manebat
Et Venia, & Favor, & miſerantis Gratia Cæli,
Et Bonitas Æterna; Sibi pro talibus auſis,
Majores irâ geminari vindice Pœnas.
Protinus è ſtagno vaſtà ſe Mole movebat,
Ingens, erectus; Flammârum utrinque repulſi
Spicati cedunt Apices, Æſtusque debiſcens
Fundum aperit candens; Medio patet horrida vallis.
Tunc ſublimis iter tardo per inane volatu

Tendit,

Invests the Sea, and wish'd Morn delays:
So stretcht out huge in Length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the Burning Lake; nor ever thence
Had ris'n, or heav'd his Head, but that the Will
And High Permission of All-Ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark Designs;
That with reiterated Crimes he might
Heap on himself Damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and Enrag'd, might see
How all his Malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite Goodness, Grace and Mercy shewn
On Man by him Seduc'd, but on Himself
Treble Confusion, Wrath and Vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he Rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and, rowl'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
Then with Expanded Wings He steers his Flight

Aloft,

*Tendit, & insolito tenebrofum Pondere preffit :
Mox plantæ tetigere Solum, Campoque refidit,
Si Campum dixiffe potes, qui femper ab igne
Candebat folido, ficut Lacus igne fluente ;
Qualia, cum ruptis Tempeftas fœva Cavernis,
Fragmina transportat concuffo avulfa Peloro,
Aut Ætnæ lateri, cui fublimata furore
Viscerâ concipiunt ignem, nudataque fundum
Oftendunt, carbone ardens piceoque vapore ;
Teter Odor, Fumusque involvunt omnia circum.
Impia tale folum Satanæ veftigia læfit,
Quem juxtâ fequitur Socius : dum jactat uterque
Se Virtute fuâ, & Divûm redeunte Vigore,
Sulphureum evafiffe Lacum, Stygiamque Paludem :
Dementes ! Deus ipfe videt, permittit & ultro.*

*Hic Locus ! hæc Regio ! quibus heu ! mutare necesse eft
Æthereas Sædes ! Aureas hoc Carcere Turres !*

Triftibus

Aloft, Incumbent on the Dusky Air
That felt unusual Weight; till on Dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With Solid, as the Lake with Liquid Fire;
And such appear'd in Hue, as when the Force
Of Subterranean Wind transports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd Side
Of Thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd Entrails thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral Fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a singed Bottom, all Involv'd
With Stench and Smoak: Such Resting found the Sole
Of Unblest Feet! Him follow'd his next Mate,
Both Glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* Flood
As Gods, and by their own Recover'd Strength,
Not by the Sufferance of Supernal Power.

Is This the Region! This the Soil! the Clime!
(Said then the lost Arch-Angel) This the Sear

E

That

*Tristibus his Tenebris Jucundi Lumina Cæli !
Infelix clamat Satanas, paulùmque moratus,
Esto ; sic nobis melius, quando Ille Supremus
Judex & Victor Justum nunc imperet esse
Quod velit, Arbitrio disponens Fâsque Nefâsque ;
Tanto igitur melius, Quanto semotius Illo,
Qui Ratione pares Multos, Vi non habet Ullos.
Æternùm valeant Cæli ! Lata Arva valete,
Gaudia quæ diffusa tenent ! Salvete Tenebræ !
Vos tristes Salvete Umbræ ! Tûque, Orce profunde !
Ecce novus vestris succedit Sedibus Hospes,
Cui neque vel mutanda Loco, vel Tempore Mens est.
Cuique Locus sua Mens ; In Cælis Tartara fingit,
Si malè contenta est, inque Orco, si benè, Cælos.
Quid refert Ubi sim, si sim quem me decet esse,
Idem, Immutatus, quémque uni sola valebant
Fulminâ Cælicolûm Regi fecisse Secundum ?
Hic saltem Rorum liber Status ; Omnipotentis*

Hic

That we must change for Heav'n! This mournful Gloom
For that Celestial Light! — Be it so; since He
Who now is Sov'reign can Dispose and Bid
What shall be Right: Farthest from him is best,
Whom Reason hath Equal'd, Force hath made Supreme
Above his Equals. Farewel happy Fields,
Where Joy for Ever Dwells! Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World! and thou Profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new Possessor; One who brings
A Mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The Mind is its own Place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; Th' Almighty hath not built

*Hic certè Domus invidiæ minus obvia surgat ;
Nos Secura manent has saltem regna per Umbras ;
Et regnare juvat, quamquam sub Tartara : Præstat
Arbiter esse Erebi, quàm vilis Servus Olympi.
Quorsum igitur fidos Comites, Sortisque Sodales,
Tam longæ patimur potare Oblivia Lethes,
Attonitosq; jacere super liventia stagna ?
In nova Præsentis cur non Consortia Regni,
Et Fortunarum (fuerint quæcunque) ciemus ?
Cur non tentamus Turmis nova Bella refeſtis,
Sive quid in Cælis redimatur forſitan Armis,
Seu quid reſtat adhuc, quod nos perdamus in Orco ?
Talia fatus erat Satanæ, cum talia cæpit
Beelzebub : O Cæleſtis, Dux magne Cohortis,
Quos turbare Fugâ, duroq; evertere Bello
Non alius valuit, quam Qui valet Omnia ! Si nunc
Vox illis audita foret, quæ Pignore vivo
Semper in extremis firmabat Pectora Rebus ;*

Here for his Envy, will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure; and, in my Choice,
To reign is worth Ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our Faithful Friends,
Th' Associates and Copartners of our Loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' Oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with Us their Part
In this Unhappy Mansion; or once more
With Rally'd Arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*
Thus answered: Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that Voice, their liveliest Pledge
Of Hope in Fears and Dangers, heard so oft
In worst Extreame, and on the perilous Edge

Of

*Quæ toties audita olim, quando aspera Pugna
Altiùs affurgens majora pericula circum
Miscuit, in cunētis felix Affultibus Omen;
Exciti agnoscent signum, Cunētiq; repente
Imperio tanto Vires & Bella resument,
Nunc licet attonitos tam vasto ex Æthere Casu
(Dudum Nos ipsi) versari in gurgite cernis
Sulphureo, & totam consterni clade Paludem.*

*Vix hæc ediderat; Satanas se littora versus
Ingenti Mole & furiatâ Mente ferebat;
Cui latos Humeros magno circumtegit Orbe
Suspensum Clypeum, quod mixto ex Æthere firmam
Temperiem accipiens, vastoq; Umbone rotundum
Ardebat latè, Phæbeæ Lampadis instar,
Quam procul ex alto sublimis Vertice Montis
Suspicit Astronomus primo sub vespere Thuscus,
Inque Globo lucente novas se ostendere Terras
Miratur, Montesq; altos Fluviosq; sonantes.*

Quanta

Of Battle, when it Rag'd in all Assaults
Their surest Signal, they will soon resume
New Courage, and Revive; though now they lie
Groveling and Prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
(As we e'rewhile) astounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious Height!

He scarce had ceas'd, when the Superior Fiend
Was moving towards the Shoar; his pond'rous Shield
Ethereal Temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad Circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optick Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.

His

*Quanta ratem mediis nunc Malus dirigit undis,
Quæ modò per Montes surgebat maxima Pinus,
Tale Hastile fuit (parvis componere Magna
Si fas) quo gressus regit, & Vestigia firmat
Carbones super ignitos; circumque supràque
In Latus, inque Caput gradientis cuspide torto
Vibrantur Flammæ, totûsque involvitur Æstu:
Infelix! non sic calcabat Sidera dudum.
Sed tamen & tantos potuit perferre dolores;
Cùmque stetit juxtà flammantis littora Ponti,
Evocat inde Acies fusas, Cælestia dudum
Numina, & attonitas Legiones voce sonora
Suscitat, ut stagno circum jacuere Frequentes;
Quàm multæ umbrosas subter labentia sylvas
Flumina consternunt, Autumni tempore, Frondes,
Quàm multus fluitat per spumea littora Carex,
Cùm nimbis furit, & vento violentus Orion
Vexat Erythræum latè Mare, per quod agentem*

Per

His Spear, (to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Admiral, were but a Wand)
He walkt with to support uneasy Steps
Over the burning Marle (not like those Steps
On Heaven's Azure!) and the Torrid Clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire.
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, He stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel-Forms, who lay intrans'd
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In *Vallombrosa*, where th'*Etrurian* Shades
High over-Arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd Sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* Arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose Waves o'erthrew
Bufris and his *Memphian* Chivalry,

While

*Perjorum rapidos olim Bufirida Currus,
Dum face Goshenos sequitur ferroque Colonos,
Dilapsæ involvère Undæ, cumulatæque Ponti
Desuper incumbens absorpsit vortice Moles;
At læti Abramidæ siccæque in littore tusi
Undique respexère natâre in gurgite summo
Arma, viros, fractâsque rotas, inimicaque Castra.
Haud secus Hi Stygiam fusi stravère Paludem
Infernôsque Lacus: Tantus stupor urget inertes.
Increpat horrendum Satanas, & voce ciebat
Ingenti; (cava Regna Sono, Barathrumque remugit)
Ætherei Proceres, Cæli Certissima Proles,
Cæli olim vestri, nunc viribus Occupat Hostis!
Quis stupor attonitas valuit percellere tantus
Sublimes Animas? Hæc vis Æterna Deorum est?
An juvat Infractam Virtutem & tædia Belli,
His relevare Locis, lassatæque ponere Membra?
Scilicet hic secura Quies, qualisque solebat
Per Cæli valles, somno sopire jacentes?*

An

While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Gosken*, who beheld
From the safe Shoar their Floating Carcases
And broken Chariot-Wheels : so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay These, cov'ring the Flood,
Under Amazement of their Hideous Change.

He call'd so loud, that all the Hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded : Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such Astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits ! Or have you chosen this Place
After the Toil of Battle to Repose
Your wearied Virtue, for the Ease you find
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n ?

An forſan (proh turpe nefas!) juravimus Omnes
Abjeſtis venerari animis, veniâque precari
Villoreſ? qui nunc diſpectans Vertice Cæli,
Millia tot cernit Divorum hoc gurgite meſſos
Involvi; ſuper arma jacent diſciſſâque Signa
Tempus & arripiet, dum ſic languemus inermes,
Demittetque ſuos, qui Nos detrudere poſſint
Altiùs in Barathrum; vel forſan Fulmine victos:
Ipſe catenato, fundo hoc deſiget in imo:
Surgite; Supremæ jam nunc datur hora ſalutis.
Agnovère Ducis vocem, cunctique repente
Exiliunt; pudet Ignavos potuiſſe videri:
Ceſu quondam Excubias ſomno Dux fortè gravatas
Neglectâ ſtatione videt, atque increpat ultro;
His experrectis mentem Timor, & Pudor ingens
Præcipitant, cæcique ruunt, tamenè Arma requirunt,
Nec bene jam vigilant, excuſſæve pectore Nox eſt,
Nec tamen infandos non percepère Dolores,

Ignorivæ

Or in this abject Posture have Ye Sworn
T'Adore the Conqueror? Who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns; till anon
His swift Pursuers from Heav'n's Gate discern
Th' Advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping; or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix Us to the Bottom of this Gulf:
Awake, Arise, or be for ever Fall'n!

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the Wing; as when Men wont to Watch
On Duty, Sleeping found by whom they Dread,
Rouse and Bestir themselves e'er well Awake,
Nor did they not perceive the Evil Plight

*Ignarive quibus pressit Sors dura Malorum;
Sed Ducis Imperio parent, & Jussa faceffunt.
Ac veluti Amramidæ quondam quassata per Auras
Prodigiis ubi Virga Potens urgebat ab Euro
Protinus innumeras, piceâ cum Nube, Locustas:
Illæ Regna super Pharaonis fontia pendent.
Noctis more; Polus volueri subtextitur Umbrâ,
Miratûrque novas tenebras Gens accola Nili:
Sic sese Hi Stygii librant sub Fornice Mundi
Suspensi pennis, nigræ circum undique Flammæ
Involvunt, piceoque volutus Turbine Fumus;
Donec mota Ducis cursum expectantibus Hasta
Dirigit, inde omnes parili Libramine lapsi,
Sulphure jam tandem solido, Campoque residunt
Innumeri, Planâque ingens vasto agmine complent;
Non tales numeros Boreæ Plaga frigida quondam
Effudit populosa Sinu, transire gelatas
Aut Istri, aut Rheni ripas, ubi barbarâ Pubes*

In which they were, or the fierce Pains not feel;
Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable! As when the Potent Rod
Of *Amram's* Son in *Ægypt's* Evil Day
Wav'd round the Coast, up-call'd a pitchy Cloud
Of *Locusts*, warping on the *Eastern* Wind,
That o'er the Realm of Impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
So Numberless were those Bad Angels seen
Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a Signal given, th' up-lifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their Course, in even Balance down they light
On the firm Brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
A Multitude! like which the populous *North*
Pour'd never from her Frozen Loins, to pass
Rhene, or the *Danaw*, when her Barb'rous Songs

Came

*Diluvii in morem tepidos defluxit ad Austros
Et Gades infra Libycas penetravit arenas.
Protinus è quâvis Primi Legione Tribuni
Procedunt, Primiq; Duces, & littora tendunt,
Maximus in solâ quâ stabat Ductor Arenâ:
Omnibus est Ollis Divini Forma Decoris,
Et supra Humanos ornabat Gratia Vultus;
Omnes Cælicolæ dudum supera alta tenebant,
Nunc tamen è vitæ delentur Nomina Libris,
Cælestesque inter Fastos reticentur Honores.
Necdum alios illis titulos, nec nomina vulgò
Indiderant Homines Evæ decepta Propago;
Donec per Terras errare licentiùs omnes
Atque Hominum tentare Fidem Deus ipse sinebat;
Tunc autem Humani Generis (quæ maxima) partem,
Fraudibus & dubiis mentiti Numina Signis,
Decepere: Illi paulatim linquere Veri
Numinis, atque novis dementes fingere Cultus;
Namque*

Came like a Deluge on the *South*, and spread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Libyan* Sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander ; God-like Shapes and Forms
Excelling Human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heav'n sat on Thrones ;
Though of their Names in Heav'nly Records now
Be no Memorial ; blotted out and ras'd,
By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names ; till wand'ring o'er the Earth
Through God's high Suff'rance, for the Tryal of Man,
By Falsities and Lies the greatest Part
Of Mankind They Corrupted to Forsake
God their Creator, and th' Invisible

Námque Dei formam, quæ sensibus obvia nullis,
In speciem vertère Feræ, Pompæque superbâ
Impia Relligio ducit nunc annua Tauro
Sacra, deauratis olido nunc cornibus Hirco.
His primus sic crevit Honos; variisque vocari
Nominibus, Sacrisque coli cæpère nefandis
Per multos latè Populos. Dic Nomina, Clio,
Plus nimio nunc nota viris, Quis primus ab alto
Excitus somno, durum, Phlegethonta, Cubile
Linquebat? Quis postremus? Longo ordine Regem
Accedunt, ut Quisque locum virtute priorem
In Castris habuit; sed enim promiscua longè
Stabat adhuc, mussâtq; metu Plebeia Caterva.
Ante alios ibant, Orci qui sedibus olim
Egressique suis longo post tempore Regnis,
Magna pererratæ lustrabant Limina Terræ
Palantes, Spoliûmque sibi Prædâmq; petentes;
Quinetiam audebant juxta sibi ponere sedes,

Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to Men by various Names,
And various Idols, through the Heathen World.
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the Slumber on that Fiery Couch,
At their great Emp'ror's Call, as next in Worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare Strand,
While the promiscuous Croud stood yet aloof?
The Chief were those, who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their Prey on Earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide

Quà posuit Deus ipse suam; Sacrisque Profana
Miscere, Illiusque suas Altaribus Aras,
Quas circum parili Gentes venerantur honore:
Nec, licet Ipse sedens Cherubinis undique septus
In Solio, Sione Pater de monte tonabat
Omnipotens, horrenda Loci Reverentia terret,
Quò minus ipsa intra Solymæi limina Templi,
Sæpe suas Aras, atque impia Sacra locantes,
Pollueréntque Dei Ritus & Mystica Festa.
Primus erat Moloch, Rex horridus ora genâsq;
Cui tepido, ad diras cæsis Infantibus Aras,
Sanguine membra madent semper Lacrymisq; Parentum;
Tympana pulsa licet Natorum audire negabant
Lamenta & Gemitus, quoties miseranda per Ignos
(Proh Scelus!) Idolo transibat Victimæ torvo.
Hunc Ammonitæ diris Gens impia Sacris,
Per riguas Rabbæ Valles, per Rura Basani,
Argobique colunt extremi Arnonis ad Amnem.

Neg

Jehovah Thund'ring out of *Sion*, Thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
Abominations! and with Cursed Things
His Holy Rites and Solemn Feasts Profan'd,
And with their Darkness durst affront his Light.

First *Moloch*, horrid King, besmear'd with Blood
Of Human Sacrifice, and Parents Tears,
Though for the Noise of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their Childrens Cries unheard, that pass'd thro' Fire
To his grim Idol; Him the *Ammonite*
Worship'd in *Rabba* and her Watry Plain,
In *Argob*, and in *Basan*, to the Stream
Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such

Audacious

*Nec tam vicinis contentus Sedibus ultra
Te, Solomon, Te Fraude petit, vincitque petitem,
Subjecitque Malis. Ubi tunc tua Maxima (Cæli
Heu frustra facilis Donum!) Sapiencia cessit?
Scilicet Huic Sedes speciosis æmula Saxis
Ponitur, & longè sublimi ex vertice Montis
Oppositi, Templis respondent Tempia Jehovah:
Tum latè Hinnonis per Vallem Lucus Amœnam
Additur; Illa viris, mutato hinc nomine, Tophet
Dicitur, &, sævo quam rettulit Igne, Gehenna.*

*Proximus ingreditur Chemos, Moabitide terra
Obscænis Populis & formidabilis Horror:
Ille quidem colitur latis Aroaris ab oris
Ad pingues Nebonis agros, Desertaque vasta,
Quà multum extremos Abarimus vergit in Austros;
Quà terram exercent Hesebonis rastra feracem,*

infinita

Atque

Audacious Neighbourhood, the wisest Heart
Of *Solomon* he led by Fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God,
On that opprobrious Hill; and made his Grove,
The pleasant Valley of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gebenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.

Next *Chemos*, th' Obscene Dread of *Moab's* Sons,
From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the Wild
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Heseben*

*Atque Horonaimi, Seonis pingua Regna,
Trans Elealen, ubi sese Florea Sibmæ
Vallis, maturis quâ nulla feracior Uvis,
Explicat usque Lacus & pigræ Asphaltidos Undas:
Quinetiam Ille idem fugientes dura Canopi
Hospitia, & jam nunc per Sittim castra locantes,
Nomine Peoris, faciles pellexit Hebræos
Instituisse sibi lascivis ritibus Aras,
Ab! Miseras Aras, Cultorum & Clade piandas!
Nec satis hoc: Tristem ad Montem, Lucosque severos
Impia quâ sunt Homicidæ Sacra Molocho,
Obscæna impuro diffuderat Orgia Cultu;
At bonus inde ambos Jofia in Tartara trudit.*

*His Comites veniunt alii, innumerique sequuntur,
Quos licet Euphratis Gentis venerantur ab Undis,
Ad Fluvium Phariis Syrios qui dividit Agros,
Est commune tamen nullo discrimine nomen,*

And *Horonaim*, *Seon's* Realm, beyond
The Flow'ry Dale of *Simba* clad with Vines,
And *Eleale*, to th' *Asphaltic* Pool ;
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim*, on their March from *Nile*,
To do him wanton Rites, which cost them Woe :
Yet thence his Lustful Orgies he Enlarg'd
Ev'n to that Hill of Scandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch*-Homicide, Lust hard by Hate ;
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.

With these came they, who, from the Bord'ring Flood
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* Ground, had general Names

Ashtarot & Baalim: *Virtus his Mascula, at illis*
Mollia Fæmineâ signantur Nomina voce.
(*Namque ea Spiritibus propria est innata Facultas,*
Ut possint, quoscunque velint, sibi sumere Sexus,
Nunc & utrosque volunt: Quippe his ex Æthere puro
Simplex Forma viget, tum nullis Membra ligantur
Artubus, aut duro Virës fundantur in Osse;
At nunc dilati volitant, & Luce refulgent,
Nunc sese angustant, atque Umbrâ Noctis opacant;
Perficiuntque leves quicquid voluere per Auras,
Sive boni veniunt Genii, sive esse Ministros
Funestorum operum, tristèsque occurrere malunt.)
Pròque His Abramidæ verum quàm sæpe feruntur
Abjurasse Deum! Nec tam deserta frequentant
Templa, nec ante Aras meriti maculantur Honores:
Haud impune quidem; Nam cum nec Numina Bruta,
Nec pudet ante Deos capita inclinare salignos,

Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those Male,
These Feminine. (For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
Not ty'd or manac'd with Joint or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
Like Cumb'rous Flesh ; but in what Shape they choose,
Dilated or Condens'd, Bright or Obscure,
Can execute their Airy Purposes,
And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.)
For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His Righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To Bestial Gods, for which their Heads as low

*Inclinant eadem duro in Certamine Belli,
Cujuscunque Hostis vili depressa sub Hastâ.*

*Astoret insequitur; Phœnicum in Gente vocatur
Astarte, Regina Poli, cui lucida crescunt
Cornua, fulgentesque vices: Illius ad Aras
Et Statuam tremulo fulgentem lumine Lunæ,
Carmina Sidoniæ pangunt nocturna Puellæ:
Sed nec Sionis tales juga conscia cantus
Nescivêre diu, postquam alto in vertice Montis
Condiderat magnam Rex illi uxorius Ædem,
Numina falsa sequi, seductus Pellicis arte,
Ingenium & corda ampla ferunt utcunque Minores.*

*Ponè venit Thammuz; Illum annua Vulnera passum
In Lebanone Syræ multum flevêre Puellæ
Cantantes, sortemque animis miserantur iniquam:
Tardior æstivos audito carmine Currus
Phœbus agit; læsque quotannis Sanguine tinctus
Purpureum (si vera fides) se lenis Adonis*

Nativâ

Bow'd down in Battle, sunk before the Spear
Of Despicable Foes.

With these in Troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with Crescent Horns,
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs;
In *Sion* also not unfung, where stood
Her Temple on th'offensive Mountain, built
By that Uxorious King, whose Heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul.

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose Annual Wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels, to lament his Fate;
In Am'rous Ditties all a Summer's Day;

While smoooth *Adonis* from his Native Rock

Nativâ de Rupe cadens volvebat ad Equor.
 Fabula vana placet; Thammuzum indigna ferentem
 Solari, Nymphas idem rapit ardor Hebræas;
 Quarum lascivos Gestus, Lachrymâsque nocentes
 Viderat Ezekiel, propriis cum fortè sedentem
 Ædibus atque Senes inter, manus Æthere lapsa
 Sublimem rapuit, Templique ad limina sistit,
 * Septuaginta Senes ubi multo thure vaporant
 Mœnia, Divorum pictis reptata figuris,
 Transfossimque gemunt Thammuzum in limine Matres.
 Qui sequitur verè flevit, quando illius olim
 Captiva Effigiem Brutam truncaverat Arca,
 Nam Capite & Cervice minor, Manibusque resectis,
 Pronus humi, & proprii media intra limina Templi
 Decidit, & jacuit Cultorum immobile Probrum:

* Vide Ezek. cap. 8. comm. 1, 3, 10, 11, 14.

Ran Purple to the Sea, suppos'd with Blood
Of *Thamuz* yearly wounded: The Love-Tale
Infected *Sion's* Daughters with like Heat,
Whose wanton Passions in the Sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the Vision led,
His Eye Survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of Alienated *Judab*.

Next came one
Who Mourn'd in Earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his Brute Image, Head and Hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the Groundsel Edge,
Where he fell Flat, and sham'd his Worshipers,

*Nomen erat Dagon, Monstrum Maris, ardua præfert
Frons Hominem, squamosa in Piscem definit Alvus.
Huic tamen Azoti surgunt sublimia Templa,
Templa Palæstinas multum consulta per oras;
Hunc & Gathitæ tremuere, hunc Ascalonitæ,
Atque Acaronæi, Gazæque extrema colentes.*

*Post sequitur Rimmon, cui Sedes pulchra Damascus,
Quam felice solo fundatam murmure cingunt
Abbanæque & gelidus, pellucida flumina, Pharphar.
Hic quoque Templa Dei scelerato subdolus Astu
Invasit, Famulum mutans pro Rege Leprosum.
Ab Rex infelix! quæ te Dementia tanta
Cepit, Abaz? Patrias te non pudet (ab scelus!) Aras
Posthabuisse, Syris Sacris, aut Thura cremasse
Indigna, aut coluisse Deos quos viceris ipse.
Post hos Apis adest, & Osiris, & Isis, & Orus,
Atque alii, antiquæ notissima nomina Fama;*

Dagon his Name, Sea-Monster ! upward Man,
And downward Fish ; yet had his Temple high-
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* Frontier Bounds.

Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid Streams !
He also against the House of God was bold ;
A Leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,
Abaz, his Sottish Conqueror, whom he drew
God's Altar to disparage, and displace
For one of *Syrian* Mode, whereon to burn
His odious Off'rings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had Vanquish'd.

After these appear'd
A Crew, who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Iris*, *Orus*, and their Train,

*Quæ Portenta Deum coluit Fanatica Memphis,
Linigerique greges Myftarum, dum vaga quærent
Numina per Sylvas Brutis latitantia Formis,
Atque induta Feras; Nam non Humana decere
Credunt Ora Deos. Similis Dementia cepit
Ifacidum Gentem, tum cum maleficus Aaron
Aurea collorum Gestamina Numen habere
Juffit, & Orebi facrum mugire Metallum:
Quod Scelus indignum, Bethel & Danide Terrâ,
Narrat Fama vetus Regem geminâffe rebellem;
Namque Bovi affimulat pratorum gramine paflo
Demens! Reftorémq; Cæli Terræq; JEHOVAM,
Qui Primogenitos uno omnes impiger Ictu;
Dum tranfit Pharias unâ omnes Nocte per Urbes,
Straverat, & mixto balantes Funere Divos.*

*Ultimus eft Belial, fed non Impurior illo,
Aut Vitii magis alter Amans: Huic nulla dicantur*

Templa,

With Monstrous Shapes and Sorceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in Brutish Forms
Rather than Human. Nor did *Israel*'scape
Th' Infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb*; and the Rebel King
Doubled that Sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
JEHOVAH! who in one Night, when he pass'd
From *Egypt* marching, equall'd with one Stroke
Both her First-born and all her Bleating Gods.

Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To Him no Temple stood,

Templa, nec impositis fumant Altaria donis:
Quis tamen aut Templis, aut crebrior adstitit Aris?
Ille profanus adest, quoties sua sacra Sacerdos
Fraudes esse pias, quoties non credidit esse,
Quos docet ipse, Deos: Quales (duo Monstra!) fuere
Elidæ Fratres; quos Templa Libidine, spretis
Fulminibus, Fama est quondam incestasse, Jehovah:
Ille etiam molles gaudet regnare per Urbes;
Aulis Ille frequens, & luxuriantia Regum
Limina delectant; ubi casti nulla Pudoris
Cura, vigent Luxus, Vis, Furgia; summaq; longè
Confusus Scelerum transcendit Cùlmina Clamor:
Nox & amica malis, ubi velat nubila vicos,
Erumpunt Beliale, sati, per spurca vagantes
Compita, & Ebrietas furiosa Libidine sævit;
Sodomiceos restor Vicos, Noctemque pudendam,
Quâ quondam Gibeæ turpi Domus hospita Stupro
Matronam exposuit; felix, quòd Crimine tali
Peiores vitare potest minus impia Raptus.

Hi

Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than He
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns Atheist, as did *El's* Sons, who fill'd
With Lust and Violence the House of God
In Courts and Palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious Cities, where the Noise
Of Riot ascends above their Loftiest Tow'rs,
And Injury and Outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with Insolence and Wine;
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that Night
In *Gibeah*, when the Hospitable Door
Expos'd a Matron, to avoid worse Rape.

*Hi primi Imperio fuerant; Qui magna sequuntur
Turba, referre labor. Namq; hinc & Numina Graia,
Ioniaeque Dei, Javanis adultera Proles;
Numina Graia quidem, Graiis tamen agnita nasci
Post Coelum & Terram, quos sunt mentita Parentes,
Primigenus Caeli Titan, cum Rrole feroci,
Privatus nunc ille Deus; nam Jura regendi,
Quae Natura dedit, frater rapit improbus Armis
Saturnus, cui Pata seni mox aequa rependit
Jupiter, atque Patri Regnum magis impius aufert,
Usurpatque Polos, &, non sua, Fulmina vibrat.
Hi primum in Creta, aut Phrygiam regnare per Idam
Narrantur; mox in niveis frigentis Olympi
Verticibus medium tenuere per aëra Sceptrum:
Nunc quoque Delphorum Clivi, Dodonia Sylva
Nunc juvat errantes, aut lato limite Tellus
Dorica: Quin alii veterem trans Aequora vectum
Sicula Saturnum Hesperias comitantur in Oras,*

Hinc

These were the Prime, in Order and in Might;
The rest were long to tell, though far Renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* Issue, held
Gods, yet confest later than *Heav'n* and *Earth*
Their Boasted Parents. *Titan* (*Heav'n's* First-Born)
With his Enormous Brood, and Birth-right seiz'd
By younger *Saturn*, he from Mightier *Jove*
(His own, and *Rhea's* Son) like Measure found;
So *Jove* Usurping Reign'd: These first in *Crete*
And *Ida* known, then on the Snowy Top
Of Cold *Olympus* rul'd the Middle Air
Their highest *Heav'n*; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the Bounds
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,

And

Hinc etiam ulterius penetrant, Celtisq; relictis,
 Conclusas pelago viserunt undique Terras.
 Hos plures alii tardis comitantur euntes
 Gressibus, & mœstæ defixi Lumina Terræ.
 Verum ubi magnanimum nondum diffidere Fatis
 Persensere Ducem, vultus simulata relaxat
 Spes, atque ambiguï sublucent Gaudia Curis,
 Scintillantque Oculi: Stetit anxius ipse, Genarum
 Sæpius ancipitem visus variare Colorem.
 Mox solitos Fastus Animique recolligit Ignes
 Audaces, Sociis tum grandia Verba locutus
 Virtutem erexit, profligavitque Timores.
 Inde jubet Labarum, raucos Tuba bellica Cantus
 Cum daret, & subito streperent fera Cornua signo,
 Attolli, quem jure sibi poscebat Honorem.
 Signifer Azazel, procero Corpore Cherub:
 Ille Alacer Jussis Insignia Regia longè
 Explicuit, rapidisque dedit diffundere Ventis;

And o're the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with Looks
Down-cast and Damp ; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of Joy, to have found their Chief
Not in Despair, to have found themselves not lost
In Loss it self ; which on his Count'nance cast
Like doubtful Hue : But he his wonted Pride
Soon recollecting, with high Words, that bore
Semblance of Worth, not Substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting Courage, and dispell'd their Fears.
Then strait commands that at the Warlike Sound
Of Trumpets loud, and Clarions, be up-rear'd
His mighty Standard : That proud Honour claim'd
Azazel as his Right, a Cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
Th' Imperial Ensign, which, full high Advanc'd,

*Quæ radiata Auro & variis stellata Lapillis,
Seraphicisque Armis latè pictisque Trophæis
Insignita, Erebi fuscas arsere per Umbras,
Sanguineumque rubent caudatæ More Cometæ.
Interea ad Bellum vocitare Metalla sonora,
Hortarique Iras; pariter fremuere Manip'li,
Attolluntque Sonos; longè cæca Antra reclamant,
Intremuitque Chaos, Noctisque silentia Regna.
Tum dicto citiùs decies millena per Auras
Obscuras Vexilla volant, variòsque Colores
Diffundunt, crebro sinuata per Aera Motu;
Et simul arrectæ Silva ingens horruit Hastis,
Tum Galeæ, & densi nutant longo ordine Coni,
Junguntur Clypei, faciuntque Umbonibus arctis
Immensam Belli Seriem: Mox Pectora mulcet
Tibia, compositæque simul movère Phalanges:
Tibia, non qualis temeraria Pectora Motu
Impellit subito, Furiisque accendit iniquis;*

Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,
With Gems and Golden Lustre rich Imblaz'd,
Seraphic Arms and Trophies ; all the while
Sonorous Metal blowing Martial Sounds :
At which the Universal Host up-sent
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.
All in a Moment through the Gloom were seen
Ten Thousand Banners rise into the Air,
With Orient Colours waving : With them rose
A Forest huge of Spears ; and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick Array
Of Depth Immeasurable : Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* Mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd

*At qualis veteres animans in Prælia quondam
Heroas, docuit sedato Pectore Pugnas
Adspicereorrentes, Patricæque expendere Vitam
Impavidos, turpique Fugæ præponere Mortem:
Illa potest etiam vigiles sopire Dolores,
Illa levat mæstas, blando Modulamine Mentem,
Et Dubium atque Metum, & si quæ mortalia tantæ
Pectora sollicitant, aut immortalia Curæ.*

*Ergo illi intentis Animis, Gressûque silente,
Pugnacemque unâ spirantes Mente Vigorem
Incedunt, tacitisque premunt Vestigia Prunis,
Dum canit, & læsas solatur Tibia Plantas:
Jamque in Conspectu Satanae stant Ordine longo
Formidanda Acies, extensa nitentibus Armis,
Tum longis adnixa Hastis & Scuta tenentes
Expectant Mandata Ducis.
Ille per armatas jaculatur Lumina Turmas
Experta, & subitus transversim tota pererrat*

Agmina;

To Height of Noblest Temper Heroes old
Arming to Battel; and, instead of Rage,
Delib'rate Valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With Dread of Death to Flight or foul Retreat;
Nor wanting Power to mitigate and swage
With solemn Touches, troubled Thoughts, and ease
Anguish, and Doubt, and Fear, and Sorrow, and Pain,
From Mortal or Immortal Minds. Thus they
Breathing United Force, with fixed Thought
Mov'd on in Silence to soft Pipes, that charm'd
Their Painful Steps o're the burnt Soil; and now
Advanc'd in View, they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful Length, and dazzling Arms, in Guise
Of Warriors old, with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what Command their mighty Chief
Had to Impose: He through the Armed Files
Darts his experienc'd Eye, and soon traverse

Agmina ; si paribus Numeris Dimensa Viarum
Distent ; si Vultus hilares : Tum immania cerni
Corpora prælibat Visu, Numerumque recenset.
Inde Animis superans, tumido Præcordia Fastu
Distendit, tantisque exultat Viribus ultro :
Namq; pares illis non vidit Terra, nec unquam
Post natos Homines tantæ coiere Catervæ :
Queis si componas veteres, quos Phlegra Gigantes
Ardua sustinuit ; vel si quæ Heroica Pubes,
Aut Trojam, aut fontes jurata exscindere Thebas,
Sæviit, hinc illinc Diis auxiliaribus aucta :
Quàm vilis tibi Turba forent ! Pigmea putares,
Agmina, & audacem Gruibus bellare Juventam.
Cedat & Archuro quicquid de Rege vetusta
Fabula mentitur, sive illum Armorica Pubes,
Sive sui Britones cinxerunt, fortius Agmen.
Cedant & quotquot Christi hinc Vexilla secuti,
Sanguineasque Cruces ; crucifixi Numinis illinc

The whole Battalion views their Order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods;
Their Number last he Sums. And now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his Strength
Glories: For never since Created Man
Met such imbodyed Force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: Though all the Giant-brood
Of *Pblegra* with th' Heroick Race were join'd
That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium*, on each side
Mix'd with Auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uther's* Son
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel,
[Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco or *Morocco*, or *Trebisond*,
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Africk* Shoar,
When *Charlemain* and all his Peerage fell

By

*Exosi nomen, Pugnas iniére cruentas,
Tantum illi ingentes, mortalis Robora Pubis,
Exuperant: Magni tamen Observantia Regis
Intentos tenuit, admiranturque silentes.
Ille omnes alios, ceu Turris maxima, toto
Vertice stat supra, Formâ Gestûque superbus;
Nondum nativi Decus omne exaruit Oris,
Castigatur Honos tantum, nimiumque videri
Ante Jubar; Magnorum illum de Gente Deorum
Tu facile agnoscas; credas tamen Æthere pulsum.
Qualis, Phœbe Pater, si quando nubilus Aer,
Primâ Luce rubes, Radios detonsæ coruscus;
Qualis sæpe latens Lunæ post Terga Sororis,
Dimidio Mundi præsaga Crepuscula spargis
Infaustus; Bellum, venturaque Funera Vulgus
Præsentit, Regesque suis timuere Coronis.
Sic licet obductus Tenebris, tamen Ille refulget,
Transgressus Formâ Socios; sed multa Cicatrix*

Adstrinxit,

By *Fontarabia*.] Thus far these beyond
Compare of Mortal Prowess, yet observ'd
Their Dread Commander: He above the rest
In Shape and Gesture highly Eminent
Stood like a Tow'r; his Form had yet not lost
All her Original Brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' Excess
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams; or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with Fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel; But his Face
Deep Scars of Thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sat on his faded Cheek, but under Brows

*Adstrinxit crebro fulgatos Fulmine Vultus,
Marcentésq; Genas infemnis Cura tenebat;
Frons tamen invictam visa est promittere Mentem,
Quæ jam vindictæ secum Tempusque Modumque
Consilio tacito meditatur, & omnia voluit:
Terribiles Visus, Oculique arserè minaces,
Qui tamen, inviti prodebant Signa Doloris;
Quippè piget socias Sceleris vidisse Cohortes
(Heu, quàm dissimiles Cælo modò viderat illas!)
Damnari æternis alieno Crimine Pœnis,
Nec mutare Fidem, licet ejus Culpa nocentes
Fecerat, & miseri Superùm de Sorte beatâ
Exciderant Cælisque suis, ausi Illius ergo
Bellum inferre Deo, Partesque fovere rebelles,
Sic ubi silvestrem feriunt Jovis ignea Quercum
Fulmina, vel celsam montano in Vertice Pinum,
Frondeus aret Honos; audent sed nuda minari
Brachia in hostiles, ambusso Vertice, Nubes.*

Of-dauntless Courage and confid'rate Pride,
Waiting Revenge: Cruel his Eye, but cast

Signs of Remorse and Passion to behold
The Fellows of his Crime, the Followers rather
(Far other once beheld in Bliss!) condemn'd
For ever now to have their Lot in Pain;
Millions of Spirits for his Fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his Revolt; yet Faithful how they stood,
Their Glory wither'd; As when Heaven's Fire
Hath scath'd the Forest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed Top their stately Growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted Heath.

Et jam Verba parat, quo viſo Exercitus ingens
Cornibus extremis coeunt, cinguntque loquentem
Undique ſtipati, atque arreſtis Auribus adſtant.
Ter ſari aggreditur, ter quales Numina fundunt,
Erumpunt Lachrymæ, tæque indignantia Fletus
Peſtora non cohibent; tandem laxata Dolo
Verba viam inveniunt, Gemitu interrupta frequenti.

O æternorum Pubes invicta Deorum!
Non Hoſtes habitura pares, ſi nullus Olympo.
Cunctipotens! Primis quid ſi infelicior Armis
Exitus? Et qualem Cælorum plena Ruinis
Hæc Loca teſtantur, tamen baud ignobilis illa
Pugna fuit, nec parva manet ſua Gloria victos.
Tunc autem è nobis cui Mens tam præſcia Fati?
Quiſque ex præteritis venturos dicere Caſus
Uſque adeò Vates? Quis tot jurata Deorum
Agmina, Cæleſtis lectiſſima Peſtora Pubis,
Marte ſub adverſo ſuperari poſſe timeret?

He now prepar'd
To speak, whereat their doubled Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them Mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; At last
Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way.

O Myriads of Immortal Spirits! O Powers,
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that Strife
Was not Inglorious, though th' Event was Dire,
As this Place testifies, and this Dire Change
Hateful to utter; But what Power of Mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of Knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united Force of Gods, how such
As stood like These, could ever know Repulse.

At necdum dubium est, Virtute & fortibus Armis
 Quin eadem valeant (quavis hanc passa Repulsam)
 Nativas iterum Sedes ascendere, quæ nunc
 Cive vacant, nostris turbatis inde Manipulis.
 Este mihi, Superi, Testes, si Crimine nostro
 Spes male succedant vestra; dominate (Rogantem
 Auditis) si quæ ulla meo turbata Timore
 Consilia, aut si quæ ulla mihi vitata Pericula.
 Sed quæ nunc solas Cælorum flectit Habinas,
 Ante Ausus nostras, omni securus ab Abdo
 Sederat in Solio, quod jam per plurima Sæcla
 Consensus Divino longo firmaverat Usu,
 Cunctis pro Arbitrio impenitans, & cuncta gubernans;
 Quæ tamen hæc fecit Factorum Læge, quibus
 Auxiliis fretus, Nos id cælare studebat.
 Hinc nobis Audendi Animus, hinc Causa Malorum.
 Nunc quantum ille Armis, quantum valeamus & ipsi,
 Novimus experti: Posthæc inferre priores

For who can yet believe, though after Loss,
That all these Puissant Legions, whose Exile
Hath empty'd Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and re-possess their Native Seat?

For me be Witness all the Host of Heaven,
If Counsels different, or Danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our Hopes. But he who Reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old Repute,
Consent, or Custom, and his Regal State
Put forth at full, but still his Strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our Attempt, and wrought our Fall,
Henceforth his Might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread

Nec Bellum volumus, nec si prior ille paratos
 Infestare ausit, fera detrectabimus arma.
 Clam gerere interea Rem nostri est; certa sequetur
 Maturos Fortuna Dolos, & Fraude peractum
 Cernemus tandem occulta, quod Martia Virtus
 Non valuit fecisse palam.

Mundi forte novi perfecto Temporis Orbe
 Exurgant, quibus ille brevi (nisi sparsa per Aulam
 Aetheream sit vana Fides) per inane coactis
 Seminibus Rerum, verbo Fundamina ponet,
 Felicique coli Genti dabit; hancque creabit
 Divis penè parem, atque aeternâ Sorte beabit.
 Hos itaque explorare Locos, hæc quærere Regna
 Primus erit Labor, atque illac saltem ibimus omnes
 Nam neque Cælestes Animas hæc nigra tenebunt
 Antra diu, tristive teget Caligine Abyssus.
 His tamen, ô Cives, pleno de Rebus agendum est
 Concilio, neque enim Pacis Spes ulla relicta est,

New War, provok'd. Our better Part remains
To work in close Design, by Fraud or Guile,
What Force effected not: That he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By Force, hath overcome but half his Foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he e're long
Intended to Create, and therein Plant
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th'Abyss
Long under Darknes cover. But these Thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,

Ni Precibus placeat, Genibſque expoſcere flexis,
Quis feret hoc? Bella ergo iuvant; quæ clâmne gerenda
Infidiis, an Marte palam, decernere veſtrum eſt.

Sic fatus Satanas; & confirmare loquentis
Verba Ducis, ſubitos Vaginis eripit Enſes
Tota Cohors; Divûmque micat vibrata Lacertis
Ferri Acies latè ſpargens per Tartara Lucem.
Tum ſævis nequicquam Animis inſana furentes
In Dominum Authoremque Poli, preſſâque tenentes
Arctiùs Arma Manu, & collifis tæque quaterque
Horrendum Clypeis Belli pepulère Fragorem;
Et ſimul in Cælos Verba execrantia jactant.

Haud procul hinc nigrum ſubcano Vertice Collis
Ignem eructabat, piceique Volumina Fumi;
Integer in reliquis & nullo ruptus Hiatu;
Huic Humeros fulvûſque tegens Latera ardua Cortem
Signa ſatis manifeſta dabat, quòd facta Metallis
Viscera Sulphureis Aurum Argentûmq; coquebant.

For who can think Submission? War then, War
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: And to confirm his Words, out-flew
Millions of Flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: Highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms
Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far, whose griev'd Top
Belch'd Fire and rowling Smoak; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy Scurf; (undoubted Sign
That in his Womb was hid Metallic Ore,

*Advolat huc subitum festinis Gressibus Agmen,
Præcipitantque Moras omnes: Ceu Regia Castra
Fossores quondam, Palis duròque Ligone
Præcurrunt armata Manus; seu cingere Campum
Vallo, five parant hostilem evertere Murum.
Hos Mammon ducebat: Eo non vilior alter
Spiritus Æthereis ruit exturbatus ab Astris.
Námque ut dejectus Vultu, sic pronior ipsâ
Mente fuit, magni quamvis tunc Incola Cæli;
Cúmque Dei ardentes Vultus atque Ora tueri
Fas erat, & Rerum præsens vidisse Parentem,
Omnidque in primis poterat deprendere Causis:
Tot veneranda inter superi Miracula Mundi,
Ille Pavimentum tantùm miratur Olympi,
Quòdque Viis stratum, Pedibus super ambulat, Aurum:
Hoc ille Intuitu semper defixus eodem
Despicit, hoc præfert Rebus sublimibus Excors.
Ergo etiam ille idem, longo post Tempore, primus*

The Work of Sulphur.) Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigade hasten'd : As when Bands
Of Pioneers with Spade and Pick-Ax arm'd
Fore-run the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart.

Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for even in Heav'n his Looks and Thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The Riches of Heav'n's Pavement, trodden Gold,
Than ought Divine or Holy else, enjoy'd
In Vision Beatific : By him first

*Secretis Hominum Mentes Impulſibus egit,
Scrutari effoſſas penitus penitusque Cavernas,
Sacrilegâque Manu Telluris Viſcera Matris
Eruere, ut vetitas poſſent proferre ſub Auras,
Non temerè clauſos (proh dira Inſania!) Nummos.*

*Jamque Latus Montis ſpatioſo Vulnere ruptum
Sedula Turba cavans Coſtas effoderat Aureas.
Sed nec Opes quis miretur ſub Tartara naſci;
Eſt Regio iſta quidem tantâ digniſſima Peſte.
Hinc etiam quicunque Animis Mortalia jaſtant,
Aſſyriasque Arces, & quæ Miracula quondam
Ægypti poſuère, ſtupent, & Mira loquuntur;
Hinc tandem diſcant, quantum ſua Maxima cedunt,
Quotquot habent Luxûs, Ditionis, Roboris, Artis,
Vel Famæ Monumenta, illis quibus infera Virtus
Spirituum & damnata Manus Fundamina ponit:*

Men also, and by his Suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with Impious Hands
Rifled the Bowels of their Mother Earth,
For Treasures better hid.

Soon had his Crew
Open'd into the Hill a spacious Wound,
And digg'd out Ribs of Gold. (Let none admire
That Riches grow in Hell ; that Soil may best
Deserve the precious Bane.) And here let those
Who boast in Mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of *Babel*, and the Works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art, are easily outdone
By Spirits Reprobate, and in an Hour,

What

*Adde, quòd bis (nec facta brevi Mora longior Horâ)
Consummetur Opus, quòd vix Mortalibus ægris
Perfectum daret assiduo transacta Labore,
Innumeris Manibus Rem festinantibus, Ætas.*

*Námque in Planitie vastâ, quæ proxima Monti,
Haud Mora, Fornacésque parant Cellásque capaces;
Quas facit undare, & subiectis fervere Flammis,
De rapido ductus Phlegethonte Canalibus Ignis.
Hic resoluta fluunt magnis Fervoribus Æra
Argentumque simul; simul Auri Massa liquescit:
Illi autem mirâ secernunt Arte Metalla
Sic confusa, leves Fæces Spumásque repellunt.
Ast alii interea subter Tellure Figuram
Ingentis faciunt variis Ambagibus Aula.
Certis ducta Viis buc de Fornacibus, Auri
Materies liquefacta fluit, penitusque cavata
Implebat Spatia, & rursus solidatur in illis:
Qualiter Inflatu cantantis Spiritus uno,*

Per

What in an Age they with incessant Toil,
And Hands innumerable, scarce perform.

Nigh on the Plain in many Cells prepar'd,
That underneath had Veins of Liquid Fire
Sluic'd from the Lake, a second Multitude
With wond'rous Art found out the Maffy Ore,
Severing each Kind, and scumm'd the Bullion Drofs:
A third as soon had form'd within the Ground
A various Mould, and from the Boiling Cells
By strange Conveyance fill'd each hollow Nook;
As in an Organ from one Blast of Wind

Per varias Series, septenam inspirat Avenam.

Ecce autem è Terrâ (dictu mirabile Monstrum !)

Dum vario Voces Modulamine dulcè sonabant,

Ceu Vapor ignitus, paulatim Fabrica surgit,

Inque Modum Templi Spatiis ingentibus extat !

Stant circum solido ex Auro, Decora alta, Colossi :

Effulgent crasso Laquearia fulta Metallo,

Ipsa etiam crustata Auro : Animata putares

Mœnia, viva adèò simulat Sculptura Figuras.

Non Babylon Perfœa olim, aut Ægyptia Memphis

Has æquabat Opes ; vel molles quando locabant

In Solio Reges ; vel quando immania Templa

Ponebant Belo, tandem inventoque Serapi.

Hæc Molis Structura fuit : Subitoque Fragore

Pandunt se ærato stridentes Cardine Portæ ;

Apparent intùs Spatia ampla, & vasta patefcunt

To many a Row of Pipes the Sound-Board breathes.
Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies, and Voices sweet;
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
Were set, and *Doric* Pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n;
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
Nor great *Alcairo*, such Magnificence
Equall'd in all their Glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis*, their Gods; or seat
Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In Wealth and Luxury. Th' ascending Pile
Stood fix'd her stately Height; and strait the Doors
Op'ning their Brazen Folds discover wide
Within, her ample Spaces, o'er the smooth
And level Pavement: From the arched Roof,

*Atria ; dependent magicâ Laquearibus Arte
Incensi Lychni, multoque Bitumine pasti
Scintillant, veluti Stellarum argenteus Ordo.
Turba ingressa stupet, Visuque immobilis hæret ;
Altera Pars Opus, Artificem Pars altera laudat,
Cujus & in Cælis fuerat notissima Dextra ;
Namque illic fertur turritis Molibus olim
Regales struxisse Domos ; ubi Sceptra tenentes
Cælicolûm sedere Duces, quos ipse Deûm Rex
Præfecit reliquis, magno dignatus Honore ;
Et dedit, ut superos longè latèque Colonos
Quisque suâ Ditione regant, & Jura ministrent.
Quin etiam illi olim magnos indixit Honores
Græcia, & in Templis celebravit Festa dicatis ;
Atque Italæ Gentes Vulcani Nomine norânt,
Utque illum iratus summo de Vertice Cæli
Jupiter ipse Pater, trans aurea Mœnia longè,
Deturbans daret in præceptis, cecinêre Poetæ :*

Pendant by subtil Magic, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus*, yielded Light
As from a Sky. The hasty Multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the Work some praise,
And some the Architect: His Hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred Structure high,
Where Sceptred Angels held their Residence,
And sat as Princes; whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such Power; and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright:
Nor was his Name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* Land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the Crystal Battlements; from Morn
To

*A nascente Die medium usque, & Rore madentem
Occasum, per tota æstivæ Tempora Lucis,
Proruit immensum Præceps, dùm Sole cadente
In Lemnum tandem impegit; ceu Stella reflexa
Quæ cadit, atque Viam labens per Nubila signat.
Sic cecinere illi, sed Fama incerta fefellit;
Namque ille exciderat Telis detrusus acutis
Ante omnes Annos, Sociùm comitante Caterva:
Nec profunt misero, quas Cælo condidit, Arces,
Quùm Dominum nullæ valeant servare rebellem,
Tartara quin tenebrosa petat; quâ nunc quoque Sedes
Infernis Sociis si qua est ea Gratia, condit.*

*Interea Jussu Præcones Regis obibant
Solenni Ritu, & magno Clangore Tubarum;
Ingressique suos latè per Castra monebant,
Omnes in Cætum acciri; de Rebus habendum
Concilium in Pandæmonio; sic Nomine dicunt
Quæ modò ponebant Inferno Mœnia Diti.*

Continuò

To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day; and with the setting Sun,
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On Lemnos th' *Ægean* Isle: Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this *Rebellious* Rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high Tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his Engines, but was headlong sent
With his *Industrious* Crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged Heralds, by Command
Of Sov'reign Power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets Sound, throughout the Host proclaim
A solemn Council forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capitol
Of *Satan* and his Peers:

Their

Continuò è cunctis lecti Legionibus adsunt
Ductores, magnâ mediî comitante Cateruâ;
Ante Fores Limenque Domûs, mixto Agmine circum
Densatur glomerata Manus; Accessus ubique
Clauditur, ingressum revomunt plena Atria Vulgum.
Ast Aula interior (quamquam baud spatiosior illâ
Martius ille olim Campus, quâ Romula Pubes
Exercere solebat Equos, aut cominûs Ense
Pugnare, aut torquere Gradu cita Tela sequaci)
Præcipuè conferta gemit, fervetque Tumultu:
Namque humiles alii reptant, stridentibus Airas
Verrebant alii Pennis, atque omnia miscent;
Quales Vere novo Phœbus per Cornua Tauri
Cum vehitur sublimis, Apes Examine multo
Effudère novos circum Præsepia Natos;
Illi inter Flores renovataque Prata vagantes
Mella legunt Roremque bibunt; aut Assere parvo
Herbarum Succis, variisque Saporibus uncto,
Stramineam

Stramineam ante Urbem magno cum Murmure fidunt,
Conciliūque vocant, regūque Negotia curant.
Haud secus Hi volitant, sed Tecti Angustia vexat.
Eccē autem subitum & dictu mirabile Monstrum!
Namque dato Signo, qui jam Telluris Alumnos
Vincebant, veteres ingenti Mole Gigantes,
In se subfidunt, Spatioque tenentur in arcto,
Et nunc incedunt Pygmæa Gente minores;
Vel quales olim Lemures exire Cavernis
Dicuntur, quorum nocturno Tempore, Silvam
Rusticus, aut Fontem juxta, videt Orgia serus,
Aut saltem vidisse putat; Cantusque Chorosque
Intenti excercent illi: Dulcedine capta
Despectat, Terræque magis vicina silentes
Luna movet Currus; stupescit Rusticus adstant,
Latitiâq; Metūque simul obmutuit Amens.

Ergo ubi sic illis immensas ponere Formas
Visum erat, & minimis sese cohibere Figuris,

Quamvis

Their State-Affairs. So thick the aery Crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the Signal giv'n,
(Behold a Wonder!) They but now who seem'd
In Bigness to surpass *Earth's* Giant Sons,
Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow Room
Throng numberless, like that *Pygmean* Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount; or Fairy Elves,
Whose Midnight Revels, by a Forest Side,
Or Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale Course, They on their Mirth and Dance
Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear;
At once with Joy and Fear his Heart rebounds.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense; and were at large,

*Quamvis innumeros, jam nunc tamen Aula tenebat,
Estque Loci satîs atque super. Conclavia longè
Verùm intra Secreta Domûs; altòsque Recessus,
Seraphici sedère Duces, & Mille Cohortum
Duçtores, innixi auratis Sedibus omnes:
Omnes confessi sese, qualesque videri
Semidei, quantique solent. Tum quando citârunt
Nomine quemque suo, post parva Silentia, certa
Ordine consulti, Regni de Rebus agebant.*

Libri Primi F I N I S.



Though without Number still, amidst the Hall
Of that Infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own Dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close Recess and secret Conclave sat,
A Thousand Demi-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full. After short Silence then
And Summons read, the great Consult began.

The END of the First Book.



ERRATA.

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dispectans lege *despectans*. Pag. 56. lin. ult. pro *Astoret*
lege *Ashtarot*. Pag. 78. lin. 12. pro *Pigmea* lege *Pygmaea*.
Pag. 82. lin. 7. pro *tamem* lege *tamen*.



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